

11-18a

A
SUPPLEMENT
TO THE *1018. K. 19*
COLLECTION *b*
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS
FOR
PUBLIC WORSHIP.

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SUPPLEMENT

PLAINS THE HYMNS

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BY BOWEN AND BOWEN

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PREFACE.

A WORD TO THE WISE;

OR,

A HINT UPON PROPER POSTURES

AMONG PUBLIC WORSHIPPERS.

SO nearly united are body and mind,
That both for the service of God are enjoin'd;
The postures admitted in praise and in prayer,
With clearest decision the scriptures declare.
Of *kneeling* or *standing* in prayer to the Lord,
The saints in all ages seem'd quite to accord:
No servant presumes to *sit down* to receive
The advice or commands that his master may
give.

Most give their petitions to kings on their knees;
While some are permitted to *stand* if they please,
But as yet the petitioner never was known
T'approach to the King, while he sits on the
throne;

Then call for his chair, and next *fit himself down*,
Before he begins his request to make known.
But *lolling and lounging* when God is address'd,
With such gospel liberty now are we bless'd,
That antient example is nothing to those
Who pray and who praise in what posture they
chose,

Of the posture of praising we're frequently told
They stood in the temple, and praised of old;
Yea, Angels themselves while they praised the
Lord,

'Tis said that before him they stood and ador'd,
Nay, *prostrate* they fell while they gave him the
praise,

Of glory, and honour, and blessing, and grace.
Some brethren we have, and from conscience no
doubt,

From all innovations on scripture hold out,
That even a posture shall nicely decide
How much by the will of God's word they abide.

In the national church they will worship no more,
She is but the daughter of Babylon's whore.

And who can deny it, we see them, alas!
Like Papists who worship the Host at the Mass,
They kneel at the table as tho' they ador'd
Their God in the bread set apart by the word.

PREFACE.

V

The disciples, say they, at the table *sat down*,
 No other example but *their's do we own*,
 To kneel at an altar we ne'er shall submit,
 Like *primitive* saints at the table *we'll sit*;
 But where shall we find it *e'en once thro'* the word,
 That e'er a disciple *SAT DOWN* and ador'd:
 Tho' in ev'ry address to the King of the skies,
 Both *scripture* and *reason* direct us to rise.

But ah! what a sight, if a churchman should be,
 So over-devout to attend on the knee,
 In seeking for mercy, at Christ's festal board,
 While he *sits* like a sluggard in praising the Lord.
 If the custom of *ALL* when they praise is to stand,
 A custom like this sure is next to command.
 Still mercy to sacrifice Jesus prefers,
 Nor ever the weak from his service deters.
 That the crippled and aged in mercy may find,
 By resting the body some rest for the mind,
 The feeble and weak shall assuredly prove,
 That all the commands of the Saviour are love.

O holy Redeemer! vouchsafe us to know
 The glory and life of thy service below;
 May body and spirit most sweetly combine,
 In a service so blessed and pleasant as thine.

O teach us before we shall leave our dull clay,
To feel that our spirits can hasten away,
To join the glad chorus in regions above,
In praising and blessing thine infinite love.

I have verified the attempt that it may be received in good temper.

It is quoted that David sat before the Lord; he sat to meditate, but not to pray or praise. This one instance therefore is but ill urged against the testimony of all scriptures; when we are more abundantly redeemed from that spirit of Laodicean deadness, we shall be more eager to take the Psalmist's directions, whether we address the Lord in prayer or praise, *Come let us worship and bow down and kneel before the Lord our Maker.*

SUPPLEMENT.

I. *Christ's Kingdom exalted.*

WHY do the heathen vainly rage,
And in their impious plots engage
Against the Lord's anointed join,
To execute their proud design.

"Come let us break their bands," they say,
"And ne'er submit to own his sway;"
But God, that rules above the skies,
Laughs at their vain impieties.

His awful voice in anger speaks,
Forth from his presence vengeance breaks,
While fiery indignation rolls
Like threat'ning thunder thro' their souls.

"Thus spake the Lord, 'tis my decree,
Thou mine exalted Son shalt be;
To thee shall ev'ry knee submit,
And princes bow beneath thy feet.

Ask, and the heathen shall obey
Thy sceptre's wide-extended sway:
All heav'n and earth shall yield to thee;
Eternal shall thy kingdom be."

Ye judges and ye kings be wise,
 'Tis here alone your safety lies,
 Serve the anointed Lord with fear,
 And his commands with reverence hear.

O kiss the Son—if he command,
 Ye perish by his lifted hand :
 Yet happy souls, thrice happy they
 Who trust him, and his will obey.

II. *Death swallowed up in Victory.*

WE sing his love who once was slain,
 Who soon o'er death reviv'd again,
 That all his saints thro' him might have
 Eternal conquests o'er the grave.
 Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality.

The saints who now in Jesus sleep
 His own almighty power shall keep,
 Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
 When death itself shall die away,
 Soon shall, &c.

How loud shall our glad voices sing
 When Christ his risen saints shall bring
 From beds of dust, and silent clay,
 To realms of everlasting day.

When Jesus we in glory meet
 Our utmost joys shall be complete,
 When landed on that heav'nly shore
 Death and the curse will be no more.

Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
 And this delightful scene display;
 When all thy saints from death shall rise
 Raptur'd in bliss beyond the skies.

III. *Christ exalted.*

IN notes of joy, with cheerful songs,
 Ye saints to praise the Lamb conspire;
 Your heav'nly harps ye angels join,
 And wake to ecstacy the lyre.

On earth ne'er was such grace display'd,
 Ne'er such stupendous mercy shewn;
 The Lord of life and glory dies,
 For man's transgressions to atone.

Let love in a supreme degree
 From ev'ry heart to Jesus rise;
 Who, from the curse to set us free,
 Became himself our sacrifice.

Worthy is our exalted Lord
 To live, by heav'n and earth ador'd;
 Worthy on high in bliss to reign,
 Who once upon the cross was slain.

IV. *I sing of Mercy and Judgment.*

BEFORE the great Jehovah's bar
 Soon must assembled worlds appear,
 And every word, and deed, and thought,
 Shall into judgment then be brought.
 Then all shall hear their righteous doom,
 Of wrath, or endless joys to come;
 And each receive his just reward
 Of bliss or vengeance from the Lord.

Dear Lord, it was thine highest joy
 To save where sin did once destroy:
 While thund'ring vengeance rolls above,
 We trust in thy redeeming love.
 Hail God of unexampled grace!
 All heaven shall sound thine endless praise;
 High glories to the dying Lamb,
 Who death by his own death o'ercame.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah,
 Worthy the Lamb, praise the Lord,
 Hallelujah. Amen.

V. *Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.*

ALL hail the glorious morn
That saw the Lord arise;
Whom vict'ries bright adorn,
And lead him to the skies.

Saints join to praise
Your risen Lord,
And sing his grace
With sweet accord.

Behold the Lamb of God,
T'atoning sacrifice,
Sustains the dreadful load
Of our iniquities.

Sin, death, and hell,
Our cruel foes,
All vanquish'd fell,
When Jesus rose.

No more Death's prison doors
His conqu'ring powers withstand,
The captive he restores
At God's supreme command.

How blest'd the hour:
Awake our joys;
Hell's fatal powers
Lo he destroys!

The Conqueror re-ascends
 In triumph to the skies;
 Each heavenly power attends
 To crown his victories.

Loud bursts of praise
 Their notes employ;
 While heaven displays
 His glories high.

Now to the throne above
 Let ev'ry saint draw near;
 There dwells incarnate love,
 Grace sits triumphant there.

In notes sublime
 We join to sing,
 The love divine
 Of Christ our King.

VI. *Invitation to Sinners, or a Word from the Minister.*

SINNERS the gladsome tidings hear,
 The Messengers of truth declare;
 Pointing the way that leads to God,
 Salvation thro' a Saviour's blood.

Ye weeping souls dry up your tears,
 Grace calls you to renounce your fears;
 Justice was fully satisfied
 When on the cross our Jesus died.

Yea let the vilest come to him,
 Who a vile thief did once redeem;
 Hearts base as hell he can controul,
 And spread new pow'rs throughout the whole.

O be ye reconcil'd to God!
 'Tis grace, free grace, that sounds abroad.
 How bright the beams of mercy shine,
 In this salvation so divine!

VII. *Union with Christ.*

HOW blest'd the union, how divine,
 That humble saints with Jesus share,
 They feel him as the living vine;
 He claims them as his constant care.

As branches from the fruitful tree
 Their nourishment and sap derive;
 So by sweet fellowship with thee,
 Dear Lord, thy faithful followers live!

If thou thine influence remove,
 Straight we begin to faint and die;
 And under thy restoring love,
 Again we feel immortal joy.

O may we still in thee abide,
 Nor from thy bleeding side remove,
 We then shall richly be supplied
 From the sweet fulness of thy love.

VIII. *The Sinner's only Plea.*

HOLY and just, and righteous God,
 Before thy face we fall :
 We dread thy sin-avenging rod,
 But still for mercy call.

Mercy divine thro' Jesu's love
 Reveal'd the wond'rous plan;
 And justice joins the work t'approve
 Which saves rebellious man.

In Christ we full redemption crave,
 Through his atoning blood ;
 And endless praises Christ shall have,
 Who brings us near to God.

Justice and law are magnified,
 And all is peace and love ;
 For sinners vile the Saviour died,
 And we shall reign above.

IX. *Men chuse Darkness till made the
 Children of Light.*

BEHOLD what sweet reviving rays,
 The Sun of Righteousness displays :
 How fast his beams, divinely bright,
 Dispel the gloomy shades of night.

But tho' the rays of truth divine,
 With a resplendent lustre shine ;
 From the bright beams of heav'nly day,
 Men turn with scorn their eyes away.

Painful to their distemper'd fight,
 They hate these rays of heav'nly light;
 They in their native darkness dwell,
 In love with sin, in league with hell.

In this their condemnation lies,
 They dare God's richest grace despise;
 The road to death profanely chuse,
 And that which leads to life refuse.

But when thy beams, thou God of light,
 Shine forth on man's beclouded sight;
 Then they behold the heav'nly ray,
 That turns their darkness into day.

Hail Light of Life! arise and shine,
 Thy Father's glories all are thine;
 Thine is the power, and thine the grace,
 And thine shall be the endless praise.

X. PSALM 136.

GIVE to the Lord immortal praise,
 Mercy and truth are all his ways;
*Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.*

Give to the Lord of lords renown,
 The King of kings with glory crown;
*His mercy ever shall endure
 When lords and kings are known no more.*

He saw the nations dead in sin,
 And felt his pity work within;
*Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.*

He led his people by his hand,
 And brought them to the promis'd land;
*His mercies ever shall endure,
 When death and sin shall reign no more.*

He sent his Son with power to save
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
*Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.*

Through this vain world he leads our feet,
 And leads us to his heav'nly seat;
*His mercies ever shall endure,
 When this vain world shall be no more.*

XI. *A propitious Gale longed for.*

AT anchor laid remote from home,
 Toiling, I cry, sweet Spirit, come!
 Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
 But swell my sails, and speed my way.

Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
 And loose my cable from below;
 But I can only spread my sail,
 Thou, Thou must breathe the auspicious gale.

XII. *Dear Lord remember me.*

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my heart to thee;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Dear Lord remember me.

When groaning on my burden'd heart,
 My sins lie heavily;
 My pardon speak, new peace impart,
 In love remember me.

Temptations sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee;
 O give me strength, Lord, as my day,
 For good remember me.

If on my face for thy dear name,
 Shame and reproaches be;
 I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
 If thou remember me.

The hour is near, consign'd to death,
 I own the just decree;
 Saviour, with my last parting breath,
 I'll cry, remember me.

XIII. *Longing for Glory.*

JERUSALEM! my happy home,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my labours have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?

Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

Thy gardens and thy pleasant fruits
Continually are green;
There are such sweet and pleasant flow'rs
As yet were never seen.

Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end.

When wilt thou come to me, O Lord?
O come, my Lord, most dear;
Come nearer, nearer, nearer, still,
I'm well when thou art near.

Jerusalem! my happy home,
O how I long for thee!

When shall my labours have an end,
When once thy joys I see.

XIV. *The Backslider.*

JESUS, let thy pitying eye,
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like *Peter*, I
Would fain like *Peter* weep.

Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all long-suffering shewn,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break a heart of stone.

See me Saviour from above,
Nor suffer me to die ;
Life, and happiness, and love
Drop from thy gracious eye.
Speak thy reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down ;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Look as when thy grace beheld
The Harlot in distress,
Dry'd her eyes, her pardon'd seal'd,
And bad her go in peace :
Foul, like her, and self-abhorr'd,
I at thy feet for mercy groan,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Look as when thy piteous eye,
Was clos'd that we might live !
" Father (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasp'd), " Forgive."
Surely with that dying word,
He turns and cries, " 'Tis done,"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
This breaks my heart of stone.

XV. *A Song of Praise.*

IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
 His grace he there reveals;
 To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
 For there his glory dwells.

Let all your sacred passions move,
 While you rehearse his deeds;
 But the great work of saving love,
 Your highest praise exceeds.

All that have motion, life and breath,
 Proclaim your Maker blest;
 Yet when my voice expires in death,
 My soul shall praise him best.

THE END.

